

BOMBAY COURIER.

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1831.

[PRICE RS. 13 PER QUARTER.]

A CARD.

A NUMBER of Fine Young Laurel Trees and other Plants in Tubs and Pots will be sold at Noon tomorrow the 9th Instant, by FRITH BOMANJEE AND CO. at their Rooms, offering an eligible opportunity for those furnishing their Bungalows. [252]

FOR SALE, A few Copies of the English Sporting Magazine, from Nov. 1830 to June 1831. For particulars apply to SHREEKRUSTNA JAGONNATHJEE at the Courier Office. [254]

FOR SALE.—At the Courier Office, The Bombay Calendar for 1831, 5 0 0 Indian ditto, 2 0 0 Blank Powers of Attorney, 0 2 0 Ditto Interest Bonds, 0 2 0 Do. Policies, 1 0 0 Do. Bills of Lading, per set, 0 2 0 Do. Respondentia Bonds, 0 2 0 Do. Bills of Exchange, per set, 0 2 0 Plans of the Island, 1 0 0 Traveller's Itinerary, 3 0 0 Insolvent Debtors' Act, 3 0 0 LETTER-PRESS PRINTING, neatly executed on moderate terms. [255]

JUST PUBLISHED, THE INDIAN CALENDAR for the year 1832, shewing the correlative dates according to the various modes of reckoning time among the HINDOOS, PARSEES, MUSSULMEN and MALABARIANS. Price Rupees Two. Courier Office, 5th November, 1831. [256]

For Passage to Liverpool. THE Fine Ship DOROTHY JAMES GARNOCK Commander, Will sail about the 15th December; has Superior accommodations for Passengers. Apply to Captain Garnock at the Office of Messrs. RITCHIE STEWART AND CO, Rampart Row, 8th November, 1831. [257]

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor, of the Bombay Courier.

SIR,

At once to the point. Do you not think it would be a good thing if this Presidency would set the example to the others, in opening a subscription for the relief of the suffering Irish? Would it not show our Countrymen that though far from home we are Britons still? If then we wish them to think so of us, let us not turn a deaf ear to their cries; let us not allow foreigners to excel us in Charity, in Charity too towards our own Brothers, let then those who would willingly assist the Poles, remember, especially let the warm hearted Irish remember, indeed let us all remember, that Charity should begin at home.

I remain
Your's obediently,
A SUBSCRIBER.

Our Correspondent should have added in a postscript, the amount he intended to contribute.

THE DESSAINEE OF KITTOOR.

To the Editor of the Bombay Courier.

SIR,

In one of your late numbers a paper appeared reflecting on the Medical Officer that attended the late Dessainee of Kittoor. That paper might be left to meet with the contempt, which the ignorance of facts and gross misrepresentation which it contains, deserve, were it not that it may be thought by some, that a libel on the character of a professional Officer should not be overlooked.

The Medical officer, was directed to visit the Dessainee during her residence at Koosogul, where he proceeded on the 1st June 1830. Her appearance did not indicate illness, and she stated personally that she had no complaint, and required no medical aid; which was afterwards repeated by her principal attendant.

During the Dessainee's subsequent residence at Nowlgoond she was again reported to be unwell and the Medical officer was again directed to visit her. He did so on the 28th June, and found her, as reported on the 29th June, "suffering from indisposition for which a course of native Medicines have been prescribed which have weakened her much," and that further, as noticed in the same report, her health had been injured by refraining from the exercise to which she was urged at Koosogul, and improperly confining herself to bed, in which she was encouraged by her attendants. The Dessainee declined all examination into the nature of her complaints; but observing that her feet and ankles were edematous, some mild diuretics were prescribed which she could not, however, be prevailed on to use.

On the removal of the Dessainee to Dharwar on the 6th July, which took place at her own request, the Medical Officer again visited her. He found that the dropsical symptoms had greatly increased,—the Dessainee however still refused to admit of any examination into the nature of her disorder, and declined receiving any medicine. The Medical Officer then apprehending danger, requested the Medical Gentleman of the 18th Regt. M. N. I. to accompany him on his next visit to the Dessainee—that Gentleman coincided in his opinion of the case in as far as the nature of her complaints could be known; but, as the Dessainee still continued her reserve, the exact cause of her disorder remained uncertain. The Dessainee persisted in refusing all Medical aid until within two days of her death; which took place, most suddenly, about one in the morning of the 13th July 1830; when she for the first time admitted that for many months she had been affected with the disorder called "Amorrorhea" in conjunction with other diseases of the abdominal viscera. The symptoms of the disorder were from the first totally at variance with those of Beriberi, in stating which, as the cause of the death of the Dessainee, the writer of the paper referred to was perhaps little aware, that this complaint is frequently the consequence of debauchery, and almost exclusively confined to those of the male sex.

Yours &c.

W. K. H.

Dharwar, 31st October, 1831.

VESSELS EXPECTED TO SAIL.

Vessel's Name.	To what Port.	Date of intended Departure.	Touching where.
Royal Tiger.	Mocha, Jud- da Cosier & Suez.	8th Inst.	St. Helena.
Lonach.	Liverpool.	10th do.	Cape of Good Hope.
Royal George.	Liverpool.	12th do.	St. Helena.
Lord Amherst.	Liverpool.	25th do.	Ditto.

MILITARY ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

ARRIVALS.	DEPARTURES.
Captain C. Crawley, 4th Regt. N. I. from Ahmedabad.	Lieutenant C. Giberne, 16th Regt. N. I. to Malabar.
Captain A. Woodburn, D. J. A. General from Jaulnah.	Lieutenant Colonel A. Robertson, Comm'g. to Satarah.
	Captain G. W. Oakes, 13th Regt. N. I. to Ootacamund.

SHIPPING REPORT.

Nov. 5th Ship Dorothy, James Garnock Master, from Liverpool, 1st June, left Madeira 23d June.
DEPARTURE.
6th Barge Tam, O'Shanter, John Mitchinson Master, to London.
LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE HARBOUR.
FREE TRADERS.—Lord Amherst, Lonach, Royal George, and Dorothy.
COUNTRY SHIPS.—Byramgore, Golconda, and Hormasjee Bomanjee.
HON. COMPANY'S RECEIVING SHIP.—Hastings.
Do. Do. Steamer.—Hugh Lindsay.
Do. Do. Schooner.—Royal Tiger.
Do. Do. Brig of War.—Tigris.
Government Yacht.—Telica.

THE COURIER.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1831.

In the India Gazette of the 21st of October, it is stated that rumours were afloat in Calcutta, that Sir Herbert Compton, who, most of our readers must be aware, has been appointed to the Chief Justiceship of this Presidency, had since, been employing his interest at home, for the purpose of procuring the Chief Justiceship of Bengal, to which it was generally supposed that Mr. Pearson was to succeed. The probable effect of such an arrangement would be, that the latter gentleman would get the situation to which Sir Herbert Compton now stands appointed. The arrival of the Victory will undoubtedly settle the point.

We inserted some time since, a statement, copied from a Calcutta paper, containing rather severe reflections upon the treatment which the Dessainee of Kittoor was said to have received. In reply to it, a correspondent whose letter we have published in to-day's paper, has endeavoured to show, that, as far as the medical officers directed to attend upon the Princess were concerned, the account was in many respects incorrect. We are extremely glad to give a place in our columns to any thing which may have a tendency to remove the impression conveyed by the article referred to; our correspondent however, must be aware, that the *Ipsa dixit* of an anonymous writer, is not the best possible authority for statements such as those he has made.

The following extract of a letter from the centre of the Opium districts in Malwa, besides the commercial news it furnishes, contains a curious account of the gambling nature of the transactions the fluctuations in that article produce, and which probably, will continue to take place while the trade remains upon its present footing.

You will not be surprised to learn that the price of Opium has risen considerably since my last party in consequence of the China news, which to the natives in this part of the Country has been represented in the most favourable light, and partly also, to avert the payment (by the Time Bargainers as they are termed in Bombay), of the difference between what they cannot procure and what they have not got, in the course of their artificial transactions. In China those who enter into Time Bargains are the Brokers or Buyers of the Drug, while in Malwa they are the Holders or Sellers of that article, and consequently between these, there is a wide and very material difference; since the former can never by any stratagems of theirs, effect the price, while the latter, from the day the seed is sown, till the day of payment, which expires on the 20th of this month, have their wits on the rack, to raise or lower the price (as best suits their interest) by every species of trick and chicanery that can possibly be thought of. If this does not deserve the name of gambling I know not what does.

I am not the least concerned about the rise which has taken place, as I feel convinced, that it is likely to be of a temporary nature only, and that the drug will shortly fall down to a much more moderate rate. If therefore you have not already made your purchases, I think you will not have any cause to regret delaying to do so for a short time, as the immense crop of the Season, independently of any news that can come from China, will fully justify you in doing so.—1st November 1831.

EUROPE.

THE LAW.

The Chancery proceedings of this week furnish a remarkable instance of the policy of Usury Laws. An heir, nearly in want of money, as heirs commonly are (good fortune in expectancy generally causing present distress,—as one who is to have much can never be content with little), obtains it, by procuring, on various securities, plate and jewels to the amount of 8,000*l.*, which he instantly sells for less than 3,500*l.*,—it having been manifest, indeed, throughout the transaction, that the sale, and not the possession of the articles, was the object. This is what is proverbially described as buying and selling, and living by the loss; and it is an expedient to which the law, in the greatness of its care for the protection of improvidence, drives necessitous people. It is true that Equity may relieve the party from such a bargain; but what is the effect?—not that heirs will be unable to take up goods on credit for instant sale in an auction room; but that the next jeweller treated with will price at 10,000*l.*, instead of 8,000*l.*, the baubles that may sell for 3,500*l.*. The risk only increases the charge to the borrower; it goes into the bill—the cost of Chancery proceedings, counsel, solicitor, draftsman, &c. &c., and the chances of relief, are all put down in the prices of necklaces, chains, rings, &c. A gold tureen will carry a possible attorney with his expenses; the ladle will bear the advocate; an ear-ring will bring the cause to a hearing. But all this is better than to let things find their level, sanction loans at, perhaps, twenty per cent! In the nakedness of such transactions consists their shame. All the prejudices against usury would vanish, if people would exercise their understandings, and see that what is called usance of money, is but the profit which they glory in making of goods, or any other article. A conscientious man says, "I let my house for ten guineas a week; it would have been no bad bargain at five." He is a usurer in house-letting. The effect of usury laws is only to increase terms of accommodation to the necessitous, and to give the exclusion occupation of the illicit loan-market to the loosest characters. Legislation overmuch is always a sore mischief; and this remark brings us to the undue severity of our laws, which we rejoice to see engaging a large share of attention. Some excellent papers have appeared on this subject in the *Standard*, *Herald*, and *Courier*. The truth of a remark we have made will soon be recognized, that the vice of the law has brought things to such a pitch that punishments are regarded as more odious than crimes. But here again we are met by 'bit-by-bit' Reformers. They say, "abolish not your sanguinary laws at once—"keep the terror of them in the letter, and mitigate it in effect—say "that you will hang, and don't hang, unless you like it." And these are the very men who are ever ready with a sneer at differences between theory and practice. They are for the theory of severity, and the practice of mildness. They are for keeping up such a name of terror in the law, as may serve to protect malefactors against prosecution, and shock the moral sentiment of the country. The impunity of the criminal consists in the barbarity of the

law. The experience of every individual instructs him of that truth. A man was hung last week for sheep-stealing; a hundred sheep-stealers are not hung, for the one who is hung. But what is the effect of the single execution, but that people robbed of sheep are disinclined to prosecute, lest the thief should be the unlucky one in a hundred on whom the abhorred punishment may fall. Rogues are not more deterred from crime, by the fear of death, than men are deterred from serving in war by the fear of bullets; or from going to sea, by the fear of drowning. The severity of the law acts mainly against society, against its feelings, and its security, and its redress. A correspondent of the *Courier* shows that we are behind the whole world in the policy of legislation.

The rulers of Austria, for instance, aided by the counsel of even a Metternich, spares the lives (traitors excepted) of all but murderers; and these are not executed until they have confessed their guilt. Some time since, indeed, there was a resolution taken at Vienna to hang incendiaries—but it was scarcely acted on before it was abandoned, and for very good reasons. These facts I have from a most respectable inhabitant of Prague. Himself a Catholic, he expressed to me his astonishment at the sanguinary laws of the English "Protestant" Government, as he termed it.

But be it remembered, that in America, Protestantism has long since been absolved from this national sin.

But what shall we say, if even the Czar of Muscovy—that barbarous and despotic power—that prototype to English minds of nearly all that is bad—that Power is an age before us in the science of legislation! We should do well to improve our boasted laws, by taking a lesson from the 94th and 95th articles of the Russian code, formed under the reign of the Empress Catherine. They run thus:—

"Article 94.—It was unjust to inflict the same punishment upon the highway-robber as upon him who both robs and assassinates. For the public security, therefore, it is evidently necessary to make some difference in the punishment prescribed for these several crimes."

Again—"Article 95. There is a country, where thieves do not commit murder; the reason is, because, while thieves are there left no hope for transportation to the Colonies, murderers were excluded from that hope."

Not long since, being within the Prussian dominions, I learned that the laws there are mercy itself, compared with the sanguinary code of Britain.

Passing afterwards through the great commercial towns of Hamburg, I inquired whether they hanged men for the crime of forgery, and was informed by a gentleman of high literary character, editor of one of the public journals in that city, that it was eleven years since any person was executed at Hamburg, and then the offence was that of murder.

In Holland, similar inquiries were made, but still the laws of my own country, England, were considered by reflecting men as pre-eminent for severity and injustice. An occurrence happened, which I will just mention, at Antwerp, where I had no acquaintance. A trunk of mine was left behind upon the public quay, at midnight; the loss was not discovered till we had proceeded eighty miles farther; a gentleman here undertook to make some inquiries, which I expected to issue to no purpose; it was, however, found, although bearing no other mark than a ticket, and this, to our surprise, without incurring the smallest expense. But particular instances are unnecessary: it is an admitted fact that property is less liable to plunder in many parts of the Continent, than in England. Why is this? A different system of police is not the sole cause. What share, I would ask, is attributable to the uncertainty of punishment produced by our lottery-like laws, which while they assign to murder and theft the same penalty, do, by the non-enforcement for the most part of the sentence, permit offenders to hope they may draw the prize of impunity?

But I contend that death is frequently dreaded less than other punishments which are more lasting. Only look at the language in court, of a culprit, hanged on Monday last at Glasgow, for burglary. On receiving sentence he said, "I have your good will, my lord; death is sweeter than confinement—cowards die many times—I will die but once." Such an occurrence should be borne in mind by legislators.

And again, among "the cloud of witnesses" on this subject, look at the admirable reasoning of Sir William Meredith in parliament, which, in the short compass of six octavo pages, shows the various bearings of the argument. It is impossible to withstand his powerful eloquence. True, he lived near fifty years ago, when the science of cruelty was in greater perfection—but he still lives, and still speaks, as does his great contemporary Howard, and his noble and consistent successor, Romilly—undying names, though not dignified by office. JUSTITIA.

* Montagu on the Punishment of death, 1813—vol. e. iii. p. 193.

† Glasgow Chronicle.

‡ The name of Bentham should surely not have been omitted.—*Examiner*.

Our sanguinary statutes are of recent origin, and innovations upon the ancient law of England, chiefly in Protestant days. In 450 years, or thereabout, 223 offences have been made capital by statute:—

In the reigns of the Plantagenets..... 4 offences.
In the reigns of the Tudors..... 27
In the reign of the Stuarts..... 36
In the reigns of the House of Brunswick..... 156

Total 223

Or, to make it still stronger, more crimes were made punishable with death, in the reign of George III., than in the reigns of the Plantagenets, the Tudors, and the Stuarts, combined!—(See Buxton, 1819.)

As to the nominal amendments under the 7th and 8th of George IV., commonly called Peel's Acts, I take no account of them, because those statutes have left the spirit of the law the same as before, in all cases where not previously abrogated in practice by public opinion.

When shall another Alfred arise, and once more renovate the morals of his people by strictly enforcing his laws, but confining, as he did, capital denunciations to murder?

Sir Wm. Meredith, in his speech against sanguinary punishments, delivered in 1777, emphatically says, "the true hangman is the Member of Parliament. He who frames the bloody law is answerable for the blood that is shed under it." According to this position, the true hangmen are the Lords, who show a resolution to fling out any law abating the severity of our code. The Judges also, from their love of power, are adverse to the abolition of severe laws, which they may enforce or not, at their pleasure; and for which, in the one case, they claim the merit of strict duty, and in the other, that of mercy. In the interval between sanguinary laws and mercy, the despotism of Judges has its range.

The *Courier*, which has given insertion to papers it is incapable of understanding as of producing, asks how the severity of punishments can have increased crimes? By deterring the humane from prosecution, and so holding out the chances of impunity to the rogue, is the obvious answer—obvious to all but a *Courier*.

COURT OF CHANCERY.

THE USURY LAWS.

KING v. HAMLET.—MR. KNIGHT appealed against an order of the Vice-Chancellor, which prevented the defendant from enforcing certain securities which the plaintiff had given him for the sum of 8,000*l*. The plaintiff who is the son of Lord Lorton, applied to the defendant in 1828 to raise a sum of money, when he declined to have any dealings with him in the nature of a loan: but consented to sell him plate and jewellery to the amount of 8,000*l*. on receiving the securities in question, provided the plaintiff's father would give his sanction to the transaction. The securities were drawn up and submitted to Mr. Sergeant Lefroy, who was by marriage related to the plaintiff: when it was stated that the transaction was a sale of goods, and not a loan of money. Soon after the plaintiff had obtained possession of the goods, he wished to raise a loan of money upon them, and applied to Mr. Geo. Robins, the auctioneer, who advanced 2,500*l*. upon them; and afterwards (the plaintiff being unable to redeem them) they were put up for sale, and realised not quite 3,000*l*. For the defendant it was contended that the difference between the original and sale price was occasioned by the hasty nature of the sale, and that the articles being of a faulty description, were dependant for their value on taste and fashion.—The Solicitor-General and Sir Edward Sugden for the plaintiff, supported the order of the Vice-Chancellor. The negotiation first entered into was for a loan of 8,000*l*; but on its being discovered that the plaintiff's annuity of 8,000*l*. a year would not be available as a security, goods were given instead of money. Neither Lord Lorton nor Sergeant Lefroy, who had been cognizant to the negotiation for the loan of money, were apprised of the change by which articles of plate and jewellery were to be substituted. The securities consisted of promissory notes, policies of insurance, a judgment in England, and another in Ireland. Interest was also payable from the month of October, when the deed was executed, although the goods were not delivered till the month of November. The transaction was in effect a loan, and on such terms as fully justified the order of the Vice-Chancellor.

On Wednesday, the Lord Chancellor gave judgment. The court could not believe that this transaction was what it purported to be, a sale of plate. The case was, that a young man of twenty-four—his father being alive—went to a jeweller who was known to deal in money as well as goods; he made a proposition for a loan; when, however, he was repulsed as a borrower, he resolves suddenly to deal with Mr. Hamlet for the plate and jewels he is said to have wanted for his undiscovered wife. A person wanting to borrow 8000*l*., buys 3000*l*. worth of jewellery for his wife, and plate for his establishment; and yet he (Lord B.) was called upon to believe that Mr. Hamlet did not know that this was more than a simple sale. The great undervalue of the articles would be more fully considered at the hearing; nevertheless, he must say, that he was not capable of thinking that full value had been given; he could not conceive how Mr. Robins would have sacrificed his interests if it had been possible to obtain a higher price; or why Mr. King's friends did not go to Mr. Hamlet and obtain from him much more than they sold for. How 5000*l*. should be thus lost in such a town as this, which was market overt in every part of it, or how the fashion of the bullion should depreciate the metal two-thirds, was past his

comprehension. The question whether the injunction should continue must be considered with reference to proceedings that might be taken at law. If the bond were to be put in suit, it might either be an undefended case, wherein there would be no remedy; or, if it were defended, the plaintiff must prove usury. But it was possible that usury might not be proved. If there was no usury and no duress, the merits of the case would not be brought under the cognizance of a court of law; and it was, therefore, proper to be decided by a court of equity, and expedient that the injunction should be continued till the hearing. At the hearing, the full value of the property would be considered, as well as the expenses which Mr. Hamlet had sustained.—His lordship gave the plaintiff the costs of the appeal.

In a letter to the editor of *The Morning Chronicle* on the above case, Mr. George Robins denies that the sale was by any means a hasty one. The property, he says, was advertised ninety-nine times; and ten weeks elapsed, from the time it was first announced before the sale took place. The produce of the sale was 3482*l*. 7*s*. instead of "not quite 3000*l*," as stated by Mr. Knight.—"We may observe," says *The Morning Chronicle*, "that every interference of this kind only adds to the rigour of the terms imposed by lenders on necessitous borrowers. The lender will calculate the chances of an appeal to a court of equity, as a shopkeeper calculates the chance of bad debts, and adds them to his bills. Nine out of ten young gentlemen who have occasion to deal with goldsmiths and jewellers, will of course, be ashamed to appear before the public, and the lender will indemnify himself for the loss in the case of the tenth, by raising his terms on all."—*Examiner*, May 22.

THE MORALITY OF CHEAP AND DEAR.

"If these prints had been of the indecent description, and had the mischievous tendency mentioned by Mr. Platt, the plaintiff could not recover, whether the defence was honourable or dishonourable. But it appeared to him that these were not liable to the objection. They were illustrations of the ancient story of Cupid and Psyche, and were of a much higher species of art than those cheap, indecent pictures, which were sold in cheap books, and exhibited in shopwindows. These prints were never intended for any such purpose."—Lord Tenterden's speech, *Morning Chronicle*, Tuesday, May 17.

"The print which he particularly called the attention of the Jury to was that of Venus and Cupid."—*Times*.

We have transcribed these passages from the reports of a trial in the Court of King's Bench last week, to recover 64*l*., being the price of some prints sold to the defendant, who pleaded that the prints were indecent, not legally vendible, and, therefore, the plaintiff could not recover. On that occasion, Lord Tenterden held that *cheap prints* were not indecent, like the cheap prints exhibited in shopwindows; and, on his so stating the law, the Jury found for the plaintiff. It appears, therefore, that it is not the nakedness of a representation, nor the lascivious ideas it excites, but the cost which makes it moral or immoral. High art—that is, high-priced art—is highly moral; cheap art—which ministers to the amusement or enjoyment only of the vulgar, and which the refined taste of the wealthy cannot relish—is indecent and immoral. We beg to be understood as not defending indecency of any description, but we cannot see the difference between the indecency of a Cupid and a Venus exquisitely painted by a Raphael or a Titian, and the same Cupid and Venus struck off from a wooden block being a rude imitation of the masters. A statue of a boy sucking honey-kisses from a melting woman, executed in Parian marble by an artist of eminence, is legally vendible, and may adorn the halls of our Nobility; but a Dutch boor kissing a girl, executed in wood, is a cheap indecency, which the law prohibits. We have seen representations, and, having read the fable, know what they mean, of a bird and a bull ravishing a woman; but these being heathen stories, dear to the recollections of the Judge's youth, and not comprehended by the unclassic people, pass for dear indecencies, and may be met with in the collections of the gentry: they are saleable. Representations of such things in shopwindows would be prohibited as cheap indecencies. Infidelity in the quartos of Gibbon, or the most gross obscenity couched in a learned language, being a dearly-purchased indecency, is tolerated by the law; but when put into a cheap form by Carlile, and made accessible to the multitude, leads to fine and imprisonment. There are, at present some statues exhibiting by a Scotch artist, called the Jolly Beggars, which we recommend our readers to visit, as admirable representations of an admirable description by a Scotch poet; but literary men, following the example of the Judge, ridicule these works of art as vulgar. They are cheap, and, therefore, indecent. The representation of a Hercules wielding the club with which he has just knocked a bull on the head, and clothed with the untanned skin of an animal, transferred from the yet bleeding corpse to the shoulders of the savage hunter, being a classical image to be obtained only through studying dead languages, though nothing can be more brutal and disgusting, is high-priced, and, therefore, legal art: but the Jolly Beggars are offensive to the nice feelings of those who delight in a Hercules, and gloat over the transformations of a Jupiter.

It is on the principles laid down by Lord Tenterden, that a gay lady, who keeps her carriage, and secures young men of family from

their tutors, or old men of family from their wives, being a high-priced indecency, falls not under the vengeance of the law. With her a Judge or a Judge's son, may find enjoyment; she may be rewarded by a comfortable annuity, or quartered on the Pension List; she may even, if she be high-priced, take, in due time, her station among the Peeresses of the land. A cheap indecency of the same species gets kicked and cuffed by the police-officers, and if she tempt a youth from his master, or a man from his wife, she may be sent for a month to the treadmill or to Bridewell. Cheap indecencies are the horror of all the minions of justice; dear indecencies are ogled by Judges, and honoured by Legislators. On the same principle, Put or All-fours in a tap-room is a cheap indecency, and must be put down; Roulette and Rouge et Noir are dear indecencies, at which any gentleman of family and fortune may ruin himself whenever he pleases. We might enumerate many more cases in which *cheap or dear* makes all the difference as to morality in the minds of our Judges; but we have said enough. Reform, it may be hoped, will abolish this distinction, and take from high-priced indecencies the protection of the law, as well as from those which exactly resemble them, except in being cheap.

REVENUE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Putting all of its revenues together, the amount is 9,459,000*l*. as under:—

Church Tithes.....	£6,885,000
Incomes of Bishopsricks.....	297,000
Estates of Deans and Chapters.....	494,000
Glebes and Parsonage-houses.....	250,000
Perpetual Curacies.....	75,000
Benefices not Parochial.....	32,000
Church Fees on Burials, &c.....	500,000
Offerings or Compositions.....	60,000
College and School Foundations.....	682,000
Lectureships in populous places.....	60,000
Chaplainships.....	10,000
New Churches and Chapels.....	94,000
	£9,459,000

The penury of one part of the Church is not less objectionable than the bloated and sordid opulence of another. The Diocesan Returns of 1809 give the following classification of Poor Livings:—

follo 73 Livings not exceeding £10 per annum each.		
72 do.	do.	20 do.
191 do.	do.	20 do.
353 do.	do.	40 do.
433 do.	do.	50 do.
407 do.	do.	60 do.
376 do.	do.	70 do.
319 do.	do.	80 do.
309 do.	do.	90 do.
315 do.	do.	100 do.

1,211 between 100*l*. and 150*l*.
This shows how the money lavished on the English Church is expended. The men who instruct the people, are starved, while the drones are pampered with princely wealth. Or the condition of the Church may be aptly described, by saying, that there is one class of men who work for the money, and another who live idle and spend it!

There are 11,342 Benefices in the English Church, which are held by 7,191 individuals:—

1 Person holds ..	11 Livings.
1 do.	8
5 do.	7
12 do.	6
64 do.	5
209 do.	4
567 do.	3
2027 do.	2
4305 do.	1

7191
The greater Dignitaries of the Church are:—
2 Archbishops—average income of each £26,400
24 Bishops..... 10,100
28 Deans..... 1,580
61 Archdeacons..... 739
26 Chancellors..... 494
514 Prebendaries & Canons, do..... 545

After all, it is farcical to think of the real with which the Government has been busying itself about cheese-parings and candle-ends, the few pounds squeezed off a clerk or landwater, or the one or two thousand retrenched from the 4,000*l*. or 6,000*l*. paid to a Minister of State, who is loaded with labour, responsibility, and expense, while these overgrown sinecurists, more useless than the geese that cackled in the Roman Capital, are left untouched!

The salaries paid to the French Clergy are, in all, 36,641,000 francs, or 1,460,000*l*. The French Clergy receive probably some dues, or offerings from their flocks, but they must be small. If we estimate them at 10*l*. per annum for each Priest, we shall have the total amount 400,000*l*; and thus the whole sum paid to 40,000 Priests and dignified Clergymen will be rather under 1,000,000*l*. or about 40*l*. per annum on an average. England has, we think, about 7,000 Dissenting Clergymen, whose average revenue may be 120*l*.

The emoluments of the Clergy of all Sects in England will, therefore, amount to 9,460,000*l*. and 840,000*l*.
Ditto of the French Clergy of all Sects, 2,000,000
Now, since England contains at this day 14,000,000 of inhabitants, and France 32,000,000, we have the following as the proportional expense:—
Paid to the Spiritual Instructors of a million of persons in England..... 735,000
Paid to the Spiritual Instructors of a million of persons in France..... 62,500
Or very nearly as twelve to one! We like to state and reiterate these facts. The election at Cambridge shows that the Church of England is still faithful to its character—of the most inveterate and implacable enemy to the people's rights; and if the people, when they obtain the ascendancy, do not "count and reckon" with the Church for its misdeeds, their weakness and stupidity will richly merit contempt.

THE ANNUAL PANIC.

A great deal has been written of late on the subject of Cholera; but little is yet known either of its causes or its cure, notwithstanding the zeal of the essayists. Government has directed that rags and skins shall be subjected to quarantine, on the supposition that the disease is transmissible by their means; yet not only is there no absolute proof of its being infectious, but even its contagiousness is matter of doubt.

That it is not peculiar to a warm climate has been long known, although the fact is now announced as a discovery. In this respect it resembles yellow fever: which is no more, according to the best-informed writers, than an aggravated form of a disease that has been known in the temperate regions of the North for centuries. Neither is plague limited to any particular climate, nor perhaps are any of the scourges of humanity, although all of them are more or less modified by the state of the weather. But though Cholera does not confine its ravages to any certain latitude, there is every reason for supposing that it confines its attacks to certain habits of body, and that in every case where it has proved extensively destructive, there have been causes at work previous to its appearance sufficient in any climate to account for that which seems after all less a specific disease, than a consequence of excessive fatigue, exhaustion, bad or low diet, cold, exposure; and which may prevail and will prevail more or less wherever such causes are in activity. Medical sciolists, finding a disorder, not dissimilar in its general symptoms, existing at once in high grounds and low, in cities and in the country, in the torrid and the temperate zone, are exceedingly ready to solve the difficulty that such phenomena hold out, by pronouncing the disease infectious, and attempting to prove communication between the various stations that it has occupied. Hence the long and often ridiculous array of quarantine regulations,—as if death and sickness could be kept from a state, any more than from a house, by bolts and Branahs. The proper subject for inquiry is, whether, in all visitations of what are called infectious diseases, the mental and physical circumstances of the patients be not similar. We do not mean to deny—it would be unseasonable to attempt it—that a putrid scent as well as a putrid body, cribbed in a small and partially ventilated room, may not generate gasses most injurious to those that inhale them. We have every day proofs that certain airs received into the lungs may affect both health and life. The vapours that hover over the sick man's couch are, indeed, too fleeting to admit of correct analysis; we cannot pronounce upon them, as on the choak damp or fire-damp of our coal-mines; but their existence is unquestionable. Whatever sanitary regulations can effect (and the whole of them may be expressed in one word—free admission of air) to prevent the accumulation of such noxious gasses, in the crowded hovels and narrow courts of our metropolis, is wisely done. But can there be any dream more wild than the hypothesis, that a disease which breaks out in the camp of a miserable set of half-starved wretches, whose couch is the damp ground—who are harassed in soul as in body from morn to night, every day and all day long—that the sickness which their wants, their toils, their filth, their cares have generated, can be communicated to happy, well-fed, well-lodged England, through the medium of a bit of linen rag or the skin of an asthmatic cow? What is the treatment to which the more formidable of these plague-conductors—the rags—are subjected before they reach the public? Why, in the first place, they are all washed before they reach our shores; and when they do reach them, the very first step is to tear them with toothed wheels until they are reduced to one pulp—a stream of water meanwhile pouring during the whole of the process of comminution through the midst of them, and cleansing their impurities. If cholera, plague, bulam fever, all the ills that humanity is subject to, were wrapped up in a single bale, the ablution to which its contents are subjected would wash them away for ever. The case is even more ridiculous when we consider the quarter from which the danger is apprehended. Do the Russian soldiers take heed of linen? Are the Cossacks of the Don careful for clean shirts? The rags are ridiculous enough, but the cow hides are supremely so. Does the Cholera affect horned cattle? We know it may be said, in the language of the old proverb,—abundance of law breaks no law. Certainly not, but the very abundance may be more injurious than the breach. Such uncalled for intermeddling with the freedom of commercial pursuits is always more or less hurtful. Subject rags and hides to quarantine, and rags and hides must rise in price; dear rags make dear paper, dear paper dear books; dear hides, again, make dear leather, dear leather dear shoes; and thus the head and the feet of John Bull are equally outraged.

Last year, the whole kingdom was in alarm from the epidemic terror of mad dogs; it required all the wisdom of Alderman Wood to stay the panic, and even he would have failed in the task had he not been backed by the Reform Bill. This year the bugaboo is Cholera. The fiend—his name is Pulk—approaches us, his gaunt frame half-shrouded in a ragged shirt, and his legs enwrapped in cow-skin moccasins, with a mouth as wide, teeth as sharp, and a stomach as craving as a boroughmonger on a grand division-night. God save the King and poor old England; for, what with enemies from without, and enemies from within, they are in piteous taking!

ON ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE LIFE IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

In treating further of the *Ornithology* of the City of London, Dr. Mitchell noticed the class of persons called fanciers.

These fancies, though generally conducted with narrow motives, are sometimes productive of beneficial effects. They mark the want of some object of attention, and show how much spare attention certain individuals of the working classes have at their disposal: and how conducive to the advancement of science it might

be rendered, if properly directed. The indulgence in fancies is not confined to the working or middle classes, but is partaken by the opulent. There are, for example, old coin fanciers, antiquity fanciers, and book fanciers; meaning by fanciers, persons who collect things, and estimate them solely on account of their rarity, but without any notion of applying them to any further pleasurable or beneficial purposes. The book fanciers keep locked up large libraries of unread books. The Roxburgh Club, for instance, is a large body of book-fanciers; and their practice in reprinting scarce books, and taking securities for keeping them scarce, by preventing more than a small number of copies, being struck off, marks the mere book fancier.

The most ardent of this genus amongst the labouring classes, the lecturer stated, are the pigeon fanciers, who make their pursuit the great object of their lives. One of them who had bought a lottery ticket, was heard to exclaim, as the day approached—"If my ticket turn up a prize, my eyes! what a flight of pigeons I will have!!" Spitalfields is the place in which are found the men most versed in the mysteries of pigeon plumage. Their pigeon are sometimes employed to bring the town early intelligence of the result of a horse-race or boxing-match, to enable the initiated to entrap the unwary in laying wagers. The pigeon fanciers have a great variety of breeds of pigeons, which they distinguish by technical names, as rants, pouters, tumblers, almond tumblers, passengers, carriers, and fifty other designations. They affect to feel a great contempt for persons who are inattentive to the choice of breed, and call them pigeon keepers, as distinguished from pigeon fanciers. The lecturer related many particulars of the effects of care in the management of pigeons, and many instructive facts. The following as to the mode of producing a happy matrimonial union, was one of the most striking.

When fanciers find two pigeons which they suppose will make an excellent breed, they proceed thus. They put the male into one cage, and the female into another, and then place them in a room by themselves. The pigeons, having nothing else to occupy their attention or amuse them, look at each other, and, before long, manifest symptoms of wishing to be in the same cage. But the fanciers are in no haste, whatever the birds may be, and wait awhile, that their attachment may become the stronger. At last, the happy union is permitted, and they are afterwards restored to liberty. It is observed by the fanciers, that if the male from the commencement, have spirit to keep the female in subordination, every thing goes on favourably, and there is a well-regulated nest; but if she prove a termagant, whom he is unable to subdue, no good is ever to be expected, and they must be separated.

The lecturer then read the following account of the truth of which he had been assured by persons residing in Spitalfields, who knew the man: A gentleman, who was a great admirer of pigeons, went to the house of a weaver, in Spitalfields, who was a pigeon fancier, in order to purchase some for his country house. On entering the weaver's residence, he perceived several naked children playing about. He was sent up to the pigeon loft, where he found the fancier attending to his birds with a degree of care and tenderness, that he, perhaps, never dreamed of bestowing upon his children. He showed his birds, and pointed out with pride their various perfection, pledging "his honour," that they had been clean feathered and unslobbered for several generations; for it is one of the chief points of beauty in a bird, according to the estimation of the fanciers, that the several colours should be distinctly and clearly marked. A straggling feather amidst the milky white of the breast, for instance is accounted a foul deformity, and the bird is called slobbered; a defect which can only be removed by successive crossing, and it may even then re-appear after several generations. The gentleman was pleased with the beauty of one pair of birds, and asked the price of them. "Five guineas," said the fancier. "Five guineas?" exclaimed the gentleman, who, on looking at the naked children, and the poverty which seemed to pervade the place, could not conceive that a man situated, should be able to keep such expensive birds. Believing the price demanded to be excessive, he said, "Would not two guineas do?" Indignation flashed from the eyes of the fancier, he seized the two birds, twisted their heads off. "There!" he exclaimed with Roman energy, accompanying the exclamation with terrible imprecations. "Do you suppose that, because I am a poor man, I will allow myself to be trampled upon?" "Bess," said he to his wife, "get these for my supper." "Now do you, Sir," turning to his amazed customer, "get down the ladder, or I will kick you down." The gentleman found it would be in vain to attempt to heal the wound he had unintentionally made in the sensibility of the fancier, and thought it safest to retire.

Among other anecdotes, he related the following:—A party of pigeon fanciers met at a public house in Spitalfields to show their pigeons. Two journey-men silk-weavers, had each an almond tumbler, and a contest arose as to which was the finest. The beak of each of them was scarcely a third of an inch in length, and the plumage was pronounced to be the most beautiful in the whole world, but one was decided to be a little superior to the other. Upon which, the proprietor and patron of the other pigeon bought the victor, and gave for it eleven guineas, being all the money he had in the world; and then took the bird and wrung its neck, saying, "now my bird is the best in the whole world."

Ichthyology.—On this head, which was very

scanty, he said he should not treat of the fish of the Thames, or of the fish which were detained in captivity in the City, but do not breed in it. Otherwise the subject might embrace the turtle kept in tanks at the London Tavern, and the minnows and gudgeons kept for bait to amateur fishermen in tanks, at the well-known place of classic and dramatic recollection, the Boar's Head, in Eastcheap. He merely adverted to the circumstances of many sea-fish coming up the Thames, amongst others, not many years ago, a sturgeon, nine feet in length, and of proportional rotundity, passed through the City, and went as far as one of the Teddington locks, where, after a desperate conflict, he was made captive by a fisherman. The victor, wishing to make an offering to the Lord Mayor, passed a rope through the gills of the sturgeon, to drag him after his boat, as Achilles did the body of Hector after his car: but the sturgeon soon recovered his animation, and being unused to such a mode of travelling, he darted off and carried the boat with him, with such prodigious celerity as to alarm the fisherman for his own safety, more than for the security of his prize. The sturgeon was, however, ultimately got into a position in which he was secured, and rendered up as an homage to the dignity of the chief magistrate. The event suggested the possibility of a car being drawn by such fish, in the style represented in ancient sculpture.

Gold and silver fish have become naturalized in this country, and are bred in the City. Crucian carp and Thames flounders are sometimes kept together with gold and silver fish, in the same tanks. It is observed, that the gold fish, when they are too highly fed, become fat and aldermanic, and lose the brilliancy which, in general, renders them objects of admiration.

Eels are strictly entitled to the honour of being considered London citizens. They come up to the river Fleet, as high as Fleet-market, and also up Walbrook, as far as the water rises with the tide. It is no way extraordinary that they should be able to swim thither,—we have only to wonder at their depraved taste in relishing such water, and their powers of vitality, which can resist what to most fishes would be poison. But eels may be found in places, perhaps, much more extraordinary. On opening the water-plugs in the street, of enormous size and activity; and then ensues a scramble between the turncock and the boys; the former claiming them as a perquisite of his office, they having been bred, fed, and fattened in the company's pipes, and the boys insisting that they are *feræ naturæ*, and clearly the property of whosoever shall first become possessed of them. Eels will sometimes get into the small lead pipes, which conduct the water from the mains to the houses, and will stop them up. On this account a grating is now placed at the entrance of the main pipes, to prevent eels from coming from the reservoir. Small shrimps find their way into the City of London, in the same manner as the eels along the pipes of the water companies, and passing along the service pipes, they arrive in the cisterns, where they are often to be seen.

Eels and shrimps are not the only fishes which get into the pipes, and issue through the bubbling floods of water into the streets. Dace, gudgeons, and flounders in great numbers, have been known to do the same thing. We cannot, however, take it upon us to say, that there is proof that any of those fishes have deposited their spawn, and that their spawn has produced young within the iron pipes. It is possible that the whole of them may have entered from the reservoirs of the Water Companies.—*Examiner, May, 22.*

USEFUL ARTS.

Among the more interesting occurrences of the past month, may be mentioned the rapid, and we may add, the perfectly unexpected success, which has attended the exhibition of some new locomotive steam-carriages in the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. The power of the engines first used on this splendid line of railroad being deemed quite inadequate to the conveyance of heavy goods, Messrs. Stephenson and Co., the engineers to the railway, constructed a steam tug-carriage, with a cylinder of fourteen inches, and combining certain other improvements, which has imparted to the machine a degree of power far exceeding the estimate of the engineers. This beautiful engine, which has been very properly named the Samson, from the following statement of its gigantic powers, was first tried on the rail-road, by way of experiment, on the 25th ult. In that experiment no less than one hundred and fifty-one tons, including thirty waggons, with merchandise, passengers, &c., were drawn on the railway at a rate, during some part of the journey, of nearly twenty miles per hour. At the foot of the inclined plane, the Samson was assisted by three smaller engines, the power of the latter engines being applied in pushing on the waggons from behind, while the Samson was employed as a tug in front. By this means, it was easy to ascertain the exact power of the latter engine in moving up the ascent of the railway, which was proved to be equal to a gross weight of eight tons! The whole distance from Liverpool to Manchester was performed in the short period of two hours and thirty-four minutes; but, after deducting thirteen minutes for taking in water, the actual time of travelling was only two hours and twenty-one minutes. It is stated, that if the Samson were put at its full power, it is capable

of drawing, at the dead level, the enormous weight of two hundred tons, and that the expense of fuel consumed in the journey did not exceed twenty-shillings. It is impossible to foresee the extent to which this gigantic power may be substituted, should the line of railroad be continued on from Manchester to Birmingham and the metropolis.

A specification has been lately enrolled among the new patents by Mr. William Dobree, for certain improvements in the construction of boats, by which they may be rendered, not only incapable of sinking, like other safety-boats, lined with cork, or airchambers on the sides; but these new boats are described by the patentee as capable of effecting "a total displacement of shipped water, without the aid of pump, or baling, or the shifting of position by crew or passengers." It would not be easy for us to render any account of this locomotive faculty of Mr. Dobree's new boat without a drawing. But it appears this important object is accomplished by providing a sort of false deck, which he terms the "independent deck." This lower deck is furnished with air-boxes, or cylinders, beneath, and is convex on the upper surface, and it is fitted so as to throw off the whole of the water that may be shipped, either by means of a longitudinal opening through the upper deck, or through the openings of the sides, between the futlocks. The patentee states, that the available space of these safety-boats is not interfered with by this arrangement; if so, their application as life-boats bid fair to become general. The only question to be determined is, whether the necessary degree of strength for safety or life-boats is not, in some measure, compromised by a boat of this construction.

Steam-coaches on common roads.—The extraordinary and, we may add, unlooked-for success of the application of locomotive carriage for the conveyance of passengers and heavy merchandise on the Liverpool and Manchester railroads, having fully demonstrated the perfect safety of this mode of conveyance, when the slightest attention is paid by the passengers themselves to the instructions given by the managers of the works and conductors, has already had the effect of greatly diminishing those apprehensions which were industriously circulated by interested parties against the repeated experimental trials of Messrs. Gurney and Co. for propelling steam-carriages on common roads.

The perfect success which has attended the carriages of Mr. Gurney, which have now been running twice a-day for nearly three months between Gloucester and Cheltenham, during which period not the slightest accident has occurred, either with the machinery or to the passengers, must set the question at rest as to any danger. Accordingly arrangements are making for immediately running two carriages of Mr. Gurney's construction between Edinburgh and Glasgow. This arrangement will prove equally complimentary to the liberality of the intelligent engineers of the North, and the perfection to which this beautiful machine has arrived through the indefatigable genius and perseverance of Mr. Gurney, against almost insurmountable impediments; for many engineers, whose names have acquired very high celebrity, have constantly, and even down to the present day, declared it impossible to propel carriages by steam-power on common roads. When Fulton's beautiful improvements in propelling boats were first announced in this country, not twenty years back, many sages, we remember also, stated that it was all "American fiction," the thing was impossible!

The carriage of Mr. Gurney, now running at Cheltenham with perfect safety, and under far more control of the engineer than a coach drawn by four horses, and beating the mail-coach thirty per cent. in speed, and one hundred per cent. in economy and wear and tear, must, we trust, remove every particle of scepticism on the subject, and lead, at no distant day, to their general adoption. A contract, we understand, has been entered into by some coach-masters on the great Western road to adopt these no-horse coaches without delay, by which, it is said, the rate of travelling will be reduced from the average charges to one-third the present fares, exclusive of saving expense on the road from greater expedition.

SUTTON WASH EMBANKMENT.

"And oceans from their mighty wounds recoil." This stupendous and useful undertaking—comparatively unknown to the public, yet so beneficial in its result and difficult in its accomplishment—is now almost finished, and will add one more to the many monuments in existence of the scientific skill, unwearied energy, and undaunted enterprise, of the people of England. This embankment is constructed across a dangerous estuary, in the crossing of which many lives, and much property, have been lost. On Thursday, the 5th of May, the moon-tide ceased, and for ever, its flowings over an area including above 15,000 acres! The bank has to resist for four hours in every twelve the heavy pressure of the German Ocean or North Sea, the length of which is 1400 miles, and the circumference about 5000, and which a north-westerly wind brings up in tide-time through the estuary with astonishing violence and rapidity. The length of the cross-bank, from the bridge to the opposite side in Norfolk, is one mile and a half. The time occupied in its construction has been about three years and a half; and the force employed to conquer the mighty deep, 900 men and 200 horses, under the able superintendence

of Mr. Roffey. To maintain order and subordination, for so considerable a time, among so numerous a body of rude and uncultivated men, has been in itself a task of no small difficulty. Any praise to be awarded on this head must be confined to the working discipline of the men,—for the farmers and neighbouring people have suffered severely during the progress of this undertaking, by the loss of sheep, (one farmer in a year has had 100 stolen) pigs, poultry, &c. The bank will be passable for coaches about the end of July, and will then furnish the best line of communication between Norwich and York, Liverpool and Manchester—saving a distance of full 36 miles, and uniting the northern and eastern parts of the kingdom. The road being along a high bank, with a palisade continuous with the bridge, will afford at high-water one of the most pleasing prospects the eye can desire. The bridge is allowed to be unequalled in modern buildings. It is composed of the best British oak, with a moveable centre of cast iron 52 feet span. The new outfall of the Neve into the ocean, cut through a distance of 8 miles, was the first part of this undertaking, and during two years it employed from 1000 to 1300 excavators; it is one of the finest tideways in Britain, and of sufficient depth to allow a man-of-war to float close to the bridge. During the whole progress of these great works, not one failure of any kind has, we believe, occurred.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

EXHIBITION OF NAPOLEON'S BREECHES.

When Mr. Kemble was out of management, he used to inveigh most tastefully against the quackeries to which the patentees had descended, and sigh for the restoration of the legitimate Drama. Remembering this, we cannot but smile at the following announcement:—

"COVENT-GARDEN.—A new five act drama, called Napoleon, is shortly to be brought out at this theatre: it is a compilation by Mr. Lacy, from several dramas of the same title which have been lately successfully produced at Paris. All the striking events in the life of the Great Captain, are to be exhibited with vivid effect. Costume actually worn by the ex-Emperor and the other principal characters, who are to be represented during some period of their career, have been lately purchased by Mr. C. Kemble in Paris, and have reached Covent Garden for the occasion. A stud of horses are also to be brought on the stage to give the proper effect to many of the extraordinary events to be represented, which are to consist, not merely of those which gave splendour to the elevation of the conqueror, but are to include the most prominent of those which produced and accompanied his downfall. So great has been the observance of historic truth, that it was for a time apprehended, laying open to public gaze some things supposed to have taken place at St. Helena, might not be sanctioned by the Licensor; but that difficulty, we understand, is entirely removed, and a career of brilliant success is anticipated. Mr. Warde is to personate the hero."

Costume actually worn by the ex-Emperor and the other principal characters has been purchased, and has reached Covent Garden. Oh, good!—what matter for a bill is here.

"Napoleon, with the real breeches!!!!" by Mr. Warde, who in act fourth, scene third, will appear in the waistcoat worn by the hero at the battle of Austerlitz, and take snuff by the handful out of the right waistcoat pocket, marked with the original stains of the Imperial rappee!!!! the daubing of which will be distinctly visible to the one-shilling gallery.

"Murat, with the genuine spangled pantaloons, sold to an old clothes-man by his valet, in the year 1816, by Mr. Charles Kemble.

"Marshall Ney, in the great coat he wore in the retreat from Moscow, with the authentic holes of thirteen musket-balls, and a well-accrued round shot, by Mr. Duraset.

"Duroc, with one undoubted gaiter, by Mr. Blanchard. General Rapp, with the true cane, by Mr. Wood. M. Talleyrand has kindly consented to lend his diplomatic inexpressibles for the representation of his character on this occasion only.

"In act the fifth, Napoleon at St. Helena, and in great observance of historic truth, things will be laid open supposed to have taken place there. Scene the first,—the ex-Emperor at breakfast,—cracks an egg with a spoon formerly his property!!!! finds it musty,—complains of the English Government and the malice of the Governor,—sends it by his staff to Sir Hudson Lowe, and demands hens. The provisions for the day are brought in. The Emperor enters a protest against the butter, complains of the scanty supply of fish, and demands half-a-dozen of wine. Dark suspicions that it is intended to starve him, cloud his mind. He buys an ox out of his own waistcoat pocket. A real ox is introduced on the scene. Napoleon sheds tears at the thought of his slaughter, and deplores the Machiavellic policy of England that compels him to spill blood, &c. &c. &c. The scenery and dresses will all be splendid and quite new."

THE EXECUTION OF CALAS.*

My Dear Spaltingier,†—I took up my pen. * Calas was a merchant of Toulouse, of the reformed religion, broken on the wheel upon a false accusation, originating in his supposed hatred of his son (who had committed suicide) for being of the Catholic religion, and on that account accused of murdering him. The story of the protection of his family by Voltaire, and of the reversal of the infamous sentence upon him, must be familiar to our readers.—We think of the execution of Riego when we read this.

† This says the chronicle, is the name of the ecclesiastic in the canon of Berne, to whom this letter was written, and by whom it was communicated. The

yesterday to write to you, but could not; it was not that I wanted matter to relate, but firmness to relate it. Now don't be frightened by this, nor suppose some calamity has befallen yours or mine; though indeed the murder of the innocent is your affair, and mine, and every one's. I think you once congratulated me, or reproached me with, (I forget which) my strong nerves. Had you seen me yesterday, you would never again do so; strong as they might be, poor Calas proved too strong for them. You must have heard his execution was determined on; and you have probably heard it was deserved. Oh, my friend! you did not see him die—I did, and in his death, his acquittal. Guilt could never yet so mimic innocence, but that the last scene would lift the mask; never, if death be a cheat, did he look so honest as here. What a grievous thing to have the weight of innocent blood to account for! yet surely Calas judges have that to answer for. A thousand exchequers, to my thinking, could not buy out a drop of it; a thousand battles could not show horror equal to it. When justice is guided by bigotry to the destruction of innocence, she well deserves to be painted blind: an antidote becomes a poison; a cure, a plague; and a blessing, a bitter curse. I thought I had so often looked death in the face that his ugliest grimace could not scare; and that after having so often dared him and seen him dared, so often inflicted him and seen him inflicted, I must have met him in his worst form. But, no! I had not seen virtue fall by the hand of power without the consolation of a tear, without the reputation of a martyr. Time, they say, wears out all sorrows; but his art must exceed my faith, if he can ever efface the sorrow of good Calas broken on the wheel! The effect on me was such as I cannot express. It was so deeply fastened in my breast, that I cannot lay it upon my paper; nor can I turn my thoughts from it. It is still obtruding itself upon my imagination. You know how you feel after reading a horrible romance; that may give you a faint idea of my state—one painful thought suggests a worse. When I think on Calas, I think of his grey hairs—then of his words—then of his groans—but a truce to sentiment—I will describe.

Obliged to join my troop, which were attending the execution, I mounted Fontabras more tardily than I should have done for a charge, hoping all might be over when I reached the square; but, alas! the genius of cruelty is too subtle a planner to be overreached by plain thinking, too skilled an epicure to devour her food; she loves by mumbing it to prolong her pleasure, yet is she not to be satisfied with a bare taste! but enough! She may be said without a metaphor to gnaw the very bones; she was this time too cunning for me; she had but just lifted the curtain when I took my seat. When I reached the square, I found it blockaded by persons of all ranks, for this trial had excited universal admiration. The great majority, however, were of the lower order, and of them the plurality were women, for I have always remarked, the fair sex, though averse perhaps to the acting of a tragedy, are greedy of its representation. My uniform, on all sides, they passed, and making way on all sides, they suffered me to canter up to my post at the head of the squadron, that lined the scaffold. Fronting me stood the instrument of torture; but as such a thing I am sure never yet met the eyes of the pastor of Rullingen, a description may be necessary. Imagine a wheel of iron about two feet in diameter, so broad that a man could lie on it, and yet not broad enough for him to lie easily, the circumference grooved cross-wise at regular intervals, so that the blow from the crowbar of the executioner might be the more certain to break the limb or splinter it more effectually; this wheel raised above the level of the scaffolding half a foot by means of chains made fast from the axis, at either side, to iron posts at the interval of six feet. The wheel is of hammered iron, and so weighty that though elevated as I mentioned, it requires no inconsiderable force to swing it. It is elevated in order to enable the criminal's body to perform the circuit of the machine, and an apparatus is provided for stretching the human body to the completion of the circle. This engine was further defaced by the gouts of blood and mouldering flesh which the occupant had left as his memorial on its circumference. In the back ground two inferior artists in death held between them the manacled culprit. A chubby-faced mayor, in whom custom and obesity seemed to have stifled all painful feelings, sat erect in his chair to the right, with watch in hand, awaiting the moment to begin the torture. On the other side, a tall monk of the order of La Trappe, whose stern but contemplative countenance formed a powerful contrast to the city magistrate, was silently surveying the preparations, sometimes casting a searching look to the criminal, sometimes muttering an inarticulate prayer from the missal which he held in his bony hand. The executioner, a horrid fellow with a face veritably a hangman's, was busied in his appalling preparations. His dress, his make, his physiognomy, all were in unison with his character. His dress like his bloody trade was scarlet, closely fitted to his trunk, and setting in the fullest light gigantic proportions of his frame—his heavy and unwieldy feet, his tremendous arms and brawny shoulders. His country I understand is Germany, writer was the famous cavalry officer, Le Fualde Conté, mentioned by Frederic in his History of the Seven Years' War.—This is the first time we have seen this letter in an English garb.

and, indeed, his face presented the beau ideal of a German given by the most violent libellers of the nation. Insensibility and brutish stupidity vied in his countenance with a ferocious admiration of sordid enjoyment: such a man as would break you on a wheel for his amusement, and drink himself into insensibility for his pleasure. His face, which seemed to have been supernaturally enlarged at the lower extremity for the reception of a hideous mouth, was roughly shaved for this occasion save under the chin, from which the shaggy and unkempt hair luxuriantly hung his filthy curls so as to conceal completely his bull-like neck. Gradually narrowing to the top, what should have been his forehead formed the peak of a cone, in which two closely-set eyes rolled palely and leeringly on their sunken axis with an unfeeling glare and celerity of evolution, which formed a striking contrast to the unwieldiness of his other motions. His very name, Hans Boucher, was in character, and must excite an association even in a man not given to punning. He was occupied in binding his victim with no gentle grip to the hellish machinery I have been describing, and binding his legs above the ankles to the iron with such pressure that the blood stood black in the extremities of his feet; he returned to his stool waiting for the next signal of the magistrate to bind his hands. There was a mighty feeling in the crowd against the condemned man; "The murderer of his son" resounded from all sides, and the gamut of exultation broke sullenly in varied cadence from the mass of beholders, at the prospect of his approaching punishment. I was anxious to observe the behaviour of the criminal; it was not that of a man conscious of an unpardonable crime. He turned his swimming eyes and hoary locks to the crowds and blessed them. The magistrate gave the signal, and the unhappy sufferer was made fast to the engine by his dreadful attendant, and so stretched that his body, his hands and feet meeting, described the circumference of the wheel. The man of death then stood beside him awaiting the signal to begin his horrible chastisement. The monk, who had been for some time engaged in prayer, rose from his knees, and thinking this a fit time to address the criminal when death had made sure of him, ere it began its operations, slowly approached and coldly bade him think upon his sins. I think I shall be able to give you the conversation as it fell from them, for it made too great an impression on me to be soon forgotten. "I have thought on them, father," returned Calas, "for could I think I had none, I would lie here entirely happy; although," added he, looking round, "happiness does not often make her couch thus."—"We are all sinners," replied the friar, "but thou art a mighty one." "I acknowledge it," said Calas, "but I thank Heaven, I can never acknowledge the crime for which ye have brought me here."—"Sinful brother," answered the monk, "thy debt is grievous, and thy creditor is urgent, thy time is short but thy account is long." "I know it," replied Calas, "and therefore will not plunge myself into deeper embarrassment by acknowledging an item more monstrous than all that debt; well I know my time is short, for were it stretched out until that sun, which is now shedding his last beams upon me, should have reverted from his travel to the spot he now holds in heaven, it would be too little to clear the arrears which have been gathered on this head during sixty-five such courses; well I know that my time is short."—"Clear as that sun-light which thou blasphemously call'st to witness, and certain as the death which surely awaits thee, thou man of sin, is the truth of thy horrible crime in the eyes of all men. What a fool art thou then, when all men are justly thine enemies, to refuse the peace of one whose friendship is yet open to thee, and to reject that balm which can alone soothe thy broken bones! Know'st thou not, how all hate thee? feel'st thou not that thou deserv'st all hatred? and dost thou, for the forlorn hope of deceiving men, cast away the true stay of the Almighty, who has given to his ministers the power of absolving sinners, though dyed if possible deeper than thou art."—"I see," replied the Protestant, "that all men hate me, and that I can still pray for them suggests a hope that I am not so all-abandoned of God's spirit as thou wouldst have me think. I cannot, my good father, accept of thy mediation, nor acknowledge thy ministry; yet may I thank, and I do thank, thy good intentions; but death, though he meet me in fouler raiment than he, turning his eyes towards the executioner, "has clad him in, cannot be avoided when the alternative is perjury."—Here the conversation was interrupted by the magistrate's signal to the deathman to begin his murderous work. The giant lifted a club of iron, and with it struck the extended limb of his victim. Never till that moment did I understand the full force of the text which says, "the iron entered into his soul." You cannot conceive the intense suffering depicted through the heaving trunk, and on the convulsed features, by this bruising between iron and iron. The blow took effect at the knee-joint, and though given with force, was not intended quite to break the leg, but merely to try the spirit of the sufferer, and to give a specimen of what was to follow. The mayor, however, seemed afraid he had begun too violently, and, beckoning Boucher, said in an under tone, "Unless you make the culprit last the two hours, you lose your place." Boucher replied with a leer of horrid purport, which triumphed in gauging human suffering, and, resting on his arms, stood awaiting further orders. However, the sufferer resumed his composure, the monk his lecture. "Think, my son," said he in a softer tone, "how little able art thou in this case of flesh and blood to

abide the torments this worm of the earth can inflict; how then will thy immortal spirit, and sensitive essence endure the eternal bruising of God's wrath? Repent, my son, while there is a way left, or one to show it thee. Thou art one of the many who have lived in abominable heresy, and one of the few who have taken life from them to whom under God thou gavest it. Living thus and doing this thou couldst not be saved unless by a double repentance. Oh then, how doubly damned thou diest a heretic in creed! a murderer in heart! Murderer of a son, I will reconcile thee to thy Father." As the man of God proceeded, a temporary enthusiasm animated his features; the salvation of a sinner so far overcoming the apathy with which he usually looked on earthly things, as partly to dispel the sullenness which commonly wrapped his mind, in the same degree as you may suppose his solitary lamp to have illuminated the cold damp walls of his monastery, as he glided to veipers. With kindling animation he ran through his discourse, urging all the arguments that memory could supply, or imagination suggest, for the conversion of the sinner, or the terror of the heretic. "I thank thee for thy honest pains," said in answer the patient Calas, "but the terms I accept not; though it might procure me a quiet death, it would not insure me a more peaceful grave. I thank my God, I am of a sect which does not think them damned who do not in all things like themselves; I thank my conscience that it acquits me of the foul crime for which, if committed, damnation were my due." "Obstinate heretic!" muttered the father; and the second blow fell with a heavy hand. I had turned away not equal to the sight, when the din of the iron against the bone, and the groan which followed, convinced me it had been more violent than the first; in truth it had completely broken the leg at the tibia: so exquisite was the torture, that he fainted instantly, but as quickly recovered. He uttered no articulate complaint, and it was only by the painful compression of his lips, and the starting of his eyeballs, that the agony of his spirit could be discerned.

But I must, my dear Spaltingier, pass quickly over this distressful tragedy, which was two hours in the acting. The blows occurred at regular intervals of fifteen minutes, with such direful effect that, after the eighth stroke, every joint in his body was dislocated, and every bone broken. He frequently fainted, and was as often recovered by the diabolical skill of his tormentor, who employed all the arts of the most practised physician to detain the last flickering beam of exhausted nature. I think he looked less horrible when engaged in the open functions of his office, crushing flesh and marrow, than when employing all the most refined arts of usual kindness for the prolongation of misery; nor can I ever forget the smile with which he ushered in returning sense after the eighth horrible interval. The stern disciple of La Trappe looked at the opening eyes of the tortured, and saw that in ten minutes they were to close for ever. He kneeled beside him, and conjured him to sever himself from his sin. The old man, with a voice firm as heretofore, turned himself, as far as he was able, to the confessor, "Think'st thou, my father," said he, "that it were worth my while for these shreds of being, these rags of existence," moving as he spoke his shattered right arm, "to throw myself impetuously into the furnace that ever burneth? Of what service is concealment now to me? it cannot conciliate the good-will of man, it must have already doubled the anger of God; it cannot bring me back to my family, and much I fear," said the good man, with the first tear I had seen him shed, "it will not save my family from following me. Of what service the further concealment?"—"For Heaven's sake then," cried the monk in a voice tremulous with emotion, "confess and be saved for your last minute is counting." "Were my life to be granted me," continued Calas calmly, "what boon would it be? what, but to transport these fragments of a man to a more languishing couch? What, but to change this decisive physician for a tedious death-bed, and to barter the strokes of the iron for the loathsome stench of the gangrene? I wish not for this—I will make my dying confession."—"Do for God's sake," reiterated the friar. "But will thou trust to it utterly?" said Calas.—"Though it were to contradict my firmest thoughts," replied the friar, stooping towards the dying man, "I would not doubt it." "I am innocent!" answered Calas, and grasping the friar's fingers in his clammy hand, he swooned away. A tear forced itself from between the sunken lids of the ecclesiastic, unused to such moisture since he had first stooped within his narrow cell; it stood upon his pale cheek for a moment as if doubting how to shape its course over so unknown a track, or as if frozen at its source by the severity of his brow. He shed but that one tear! but it was the widow's mite!—it was all he had!

Lifting his eyes towards the magistrate, he muttered a request for the coup-de-grace. The magistrate nodded to the executioner, and Boucher again heaved his weapon. The weight of the iron and the force of the blood burst at once all the arteries of the stomach, and crushed the vertebrae: the blood gushed in torrents from his eyes, his mouth, his ears—a gasp convulsed his frame—a groan—one gasp more—and he had ceased to suffer. The man of God eyed for a moment the bleeding visage, where blood had not quenched the gentle flame of resignation; then threw his look upwards, then downwards on the assembly, and, with finger slowly raised and voice of thrilling expression, declared—"A righteous soul has taken flight!"—"Voilà l'ame du juste qui s'envole!"

MISCELLANEA.

CANT-ON.—A dinner was given at the factory at Canton, on Christmas day, soon after the news of the death of George IV.; and Mr. Majoribanks, in proposing the health of our Patriot Monarch, William, wished he might prove as good a King as the one who had gone before. Mr. Majoribanks is a moderate man. His wish would have been easily satisfied. But we believe that most of the Tories would have been content with a King only as good as the one gone before. We have got more than they prayed for. It is curious to see the sort of slang we have quoted at the interval of two China voyages, from the conventional opportunity for it. They cant-on at Canton, exactly as folks ceased canting here fourteen months ago.

THE AGE.—MAY 29

On the Hon. Mr. Wentworth's simile of the salmon, in his speech to the freeholders of Northamptonshire:—

No wonder he a salmon found

A very tempting bait,

Since shoals of gudgeons stood around

To hear the strutting prate.

VERY ODD, I GUESS.—A Philadelphia paper thus announces the arrival of the Siamese twins in that city:—"One of the Siamese twins arrived here on Monday last, accompanied by his brother."—[This fact should be recorded in a second edition of Lytton Bulwer's poem on that congenial subject. It would seem as if the twins were struggling for a "Repeal of the Union".]

ON COLVILLE, THE GREAT SLAVE TRADE MAN, BEING BEAT FOR YARMOUTH.

That Yarmouth freemen won't elect

A stinging man, we find,

Since they a candidate reject

Who's nigger-dily inclined.

A PIPE TO BE SMOKED BY THE BANK DIRECTORS on the ensuing anniversary of the Right Hon. William Pitt, the author of the Bank Restriction Bill:—"Of all the curses that can light upon a commercial nation, worse than any of the plagues of Egypt, lice, locusts, or the murrain amongst cattle, is the curse of having no common intelligible standard or measure of value: for a state capriciously to alter the standard is the next worse thing to having no standard at all; it is to derange and scatter to the winds all security in the contracts between man and man."—*Papers picked up at Sea, relating to the Currency page 16.*

EPIGRAM ON THE POSTPONEMENT OF THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE CITY. BY A LADY.

Whilst various excuses each Alderman finds,
Why the king will not honour their gluttonous job,
Some say he fights shy of the eastern winds,
Others think he fights shy of the eastern mob.

Mr. Scales, ex-distant alderman, pig-killer, and patron of Mr. Wellesley, has sent us the following as his opinion of the late Essex election:

My friend Mr. Wellesley's the best of projectors,
Who killed, as they call it, two birds with vonstone
For securing the "freedom" of all his electors,
Has luckily also secured his own!

J. SCALES.

Whitechapel, May 20.

A TENDER HUSBAND.—"I was invited," said Dr. Wolcott, "to sup with Mr. P., a rich planter, and his wife. During the repast, my friend desired a female slave in waiting to mix some toddy; on which the black girl, in her peculiar way, asked him if it was to be drinking for dry or drinking for drunken? When our supper was ended, the night had become tempestuous, and our water being exhausted Mr. P. sent his wife a short distance from the house, for a fresh supply. The thunder and lightning being excessive during her absence, I said to him, why did you not send that girl (the slave) for water such a night as this, instead of your wife! Oh! no, replied he, that would never do; that slave cost me forty pounds."—*Parke's Musical Memoir.*

A correspondent of a Lewes paper gives the following description of the appearance of the ocean at the time of the departure of the *Hyperion* frigate, which took place a few days ago:—"Creation smiled on Thursday. Boreas was breathless. The wind left the land in the morning, and got to sea, causing a gentle ripple on the surface of the ocean, which sparkled to the solar beams."

A PARENT'S BLISS.—What care and anxiety parents must endure! For a time the mother's love is grievously tried by the passionate baby, yelling to the pitch of its voice, and spurring with its feet like drumsticks, frightening her sleep—to say nothing of the other condiments that make the miseries of a nurse's lot and lap: such are a mother's cares in infancy, chiefly nocturnal. But these are light to those of gabbling childhood. If a Miss, she has a doll; it sulks when she sings; and then the poor mother assures her, to no purpose, that it is but of wood—the termagant demoiselle knows better! If a Master, he has a trumpet, perhaps, a drum: the peace of the house is gone; and with paper cap and sword—his elders have but for—he struts a hero, and fights with Hotspur in the mirror—smash, it lies in fragments! or haply, his sister fences with him, and with a stamp, his foil has made her beauteous right eye as blind as an oyster! These are but the mother's cares! Then comes the sire's; of which, to guess at but for an imperfection of their variety, read all histories; the wars of kingdoms, battles, elopements, marriages, divorces, duels, bankruptcies, and broken hearts.—These make not half the moiety of the disasters that stuff with restless ecstasy a parent's pillow.—*Bogle Corbet: by John Galt. Vol. ii.*

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